

although the ball was kicked from directly in front of the goal.

The nearest Harvard came to Yale's goal line in either half was Yale's 3-yard line, and then, unable to proceed further, C. Marshall, the Crimson quarter back, tried a drop kick for goal from the 35-yard mark, and missed by five yards.

The superiority of Yale in ground-gaining, alone is shown by the fact that in the first half the New Haven eleven made 202 yards, as against 70 for Harvard, while in the second half the Blue rolled up 251 yards and held Harvard down to 20 yards, making a grand total of 453 yards for Yale and 90 for Harvard. Harvard's play all through the game was the biggest kind of disappointment. Although the men, in point of physique, were taller and seemed to be heavier than the Yale men, they had no chance when it came down to a severe test of physical strength.

Harvard's general play was ragged, especially after the first half. The defense went to pieces at times in a way that made Cambridge followers cheer faint-heartedly and turn away in disgust. The ineffectual rushing back field, which had been announced the finest in the college, amounted to very little when the Yale forwards came rushing through like a lot of wolves. In fact the whole Harvard team seemed to be demoralized soon after Yale's first touchdown had been made. Harvard's system may have been all right, but the way the men played the game created the impression that in the heat of the struggle they had forgotten the first rudiments of the game and were suffering from a severe attack of nerves. But it would be unjust to criticize the team too harshly in view of Yale's phenomenal strength and the magnificent team work which they displayed throughout.

Yale played football far superior to anything seen in the city. The game was the consensus of opinion of those who knew what they were talking about.

The game was played under a warm sun. With Yale's position game was played in the open, and the players suffered greatly as a consequence. The game was not over, however, a football match in this city gathered around the gridiron. With everybody occupying a seat, there were several rows of stands when the play was going on. The crowd was so large that the spectators were allowed to sit on the ground. The game was played in a semi-darkness, which made it impossible for the spectators to distinguish one player from another. The battle was free from unbecoming features, though there was some little shoving and pushing, and the utmost good feeling prevailed between the two teams.

STORY OF THE GAME IN DETAIL.

Memoranda of the Ball in Both Halves.

Harvard Downed the Gridiron.

NEW HAVEN, Nov. 22.—The first signs of enthusiasm came from the Yale band when it struck off the parade. "Boat" song just before 2 o'clock. It served to introduce Trainer Mike Murphy's little boy, who, dressed as a soldier of Revolutionary times, ran upon the field dragging along a Yale battle-axe. Then followed Capt. Chadwick and the Blue eleven at exactly 2 o'clock. There was a tremendous cheer and a chorus of blue and white waving on high, only to be followed by a similar demonstration from Harvard, decked out in crimson from head to foot, when the Cambridge eleven, led by Capt. Kerman, came running through the Yale ranks. Harvard's band, which had been silent up to this time, broke forth with the time honored "Fair Harvard," and also the "March Song," for which suitable words had been written to be sung during the afternoon. Then all was silent, save the Yale cheer, here and there while the two captains conferred with Referee McLaughlin and Umpire Dashiell as to the tossing of the coin.

Capt. Kerman called the turn and snailily selected the south goal to defend with a strong wind behind him. The ball therefore went to Yale to be kicked off, and at 2:12 o'clock Bowman drove it out of bounds at Harvard's 25-yard line. Under the rules it had to be kicked over, but because his right hand had become loose, and his right leg was not in its proper place, there was a delay of six minutes before play was resumed. Then Bowman booted the ball into the air once more, and this time it went straight down the gridiron to Putnam, Harvard's right half back.

YALEMEN'S RIGHT TANGLED.

Harvard's interference formed quickly for a run down the field and the Yale men were fairly well covered as Putnam started on his journey back, but before he had gone a yard his back became tangled, probably because he was excited, and down he went on his 10-yard line with nobody near him but speedily was pounced on like a cat out of a bag. When they were all out of sight Umpire Dashiell warned Shovin to play off side, and then Harvard for the first time tried Yale's defense. Shea was taken back in a close formation and Putnam was left alone. He tried to run, but was held back by the Yale line, and then Kerman and Hogan for two yards. Then Kerman was driven into Kinner and Glass, only to be beaten off without the gain of a foot. Harvard concluded this early that it would be folly to waste energy in this manner too soon, so Kerman punted and Metcalf was downed at Harvard's 40-yard line.

Yale's first chance to test Harvard's defense arrived with this play. Bowman kicked a punt heading into the center of the line, but he was carried back for a loss of two yards. With equal celerity Yale concluded to stop advancing, and just then, so Rockwell, taking the ball close up behind Holt's back, got in a low quarter back punt over Harvard's left wing. The ball sailed straight into Kerman's arms, but the Harvard captain, sad to relate, had better fingers and the oval rolled into the ground while the Harvard army groined in despair.

The Crimson players seemed to be in a trance, for quick as a flash, Hogan dashed in among them as the ball rolled over the turf and plunked it down on Harvard's 35-yard mark, accomplishing a play that made the Yale stars arise and get a new color, letting loose a miraculous volume of sound from end to end. Then it was Yale's 35-yard chance to try Harvard's strength in the line, and the way the New Haven warriors went to work made the crowd in the Harvard stadium feel at ease and appreciative as to the final result.

The first play, however, made Harvard happy, for Bowman, in attempting an end run, was nailed by Bowditch for a loss of eight yards.

YALE HEARS ITS SONG.

It will show them how to play football," screamed the Harvard men, cheering magnificently, but when Hogan went through a big hole between Suggen and Barnard for nine yards, which had been opened up by Glass, there was a different tune. The Yale men broke into song with this little air of "Mr. Dooley":

When Johnny was an infant in the Harvard nursery,

Remembered what a famous name his own

Was sure to be.

He'd tackle all his baby dolls and punt his tit-tittles.

And tangle up his baby self into a thousand links.

Oh, Mr. Eli, Oh, Mr. Eli,

You play the grandest game I ever saw.

A revelation to all the nation.

Oh, gosh! but Johnny Harvard will be sore.

Just see old Eli strolling down the field to Harvard's goal.

There's Chadwick there to rush it and there's Glass to make the hole.

There's Hogan and there's Metcalf and there's Holt and there's Suggen.

Oh, what a case of true to play when Harvard's such a loss.

Chadwick followed Hogan's plunge with three yards through Marshall and Shea.

But Bowman with a heading drive took the ball to Harvard's 25-yard line.

Quick as lightning, Yale's backs jammed Chadwick between Barnard and Knewton for five yards and Hogan, thrown through the outer wing for two, got the ball to the Harvard line.

Things were pretty lively in the line, and Andy Marshall, who had been coming in contact with the Yale men, emerged from the scrimmage with a bleeding nose, which was quickly sponged before it oozed.

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THE FIRST TOUCHDOWN.

Such playing by Yale had entirely unexpected and happy consequences. The Yale men, to see if they were awake, they could not understand what had happened. The Crimson line, with one exception, a tremendous roar, they beset the Harvard players to pull themselves together. The Harvard players, to pull themselves together, they beset the Harvard players to pull themselves together. The Harvard players, to pull themselves together, they beset the Harvard players to pull themselves together.

Yale's first touchdown, from which the Yale players by leaping into the air and waving their hands above their heads, indicated that they had been successful.

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the ball down and set on it. There was no shake about the play, and the Yale crowd went wild over it. Again the blue flags were waving, and the Yale men were shouting from thousands of throats.

Harvard has blue-stocking girls. Yale has blue-stocking girls. Harvard has blue-stocking girls. Yale has blue-stocking girls. Harvard has blue-stocking girls. Yale has blue-stocking girls. Harvard has blue-stocking girls. Yale has blue-stocking girls.

Rockwell brought the ball in front of the posts and Bowman sent it so high and far over the cross bar that it landed in the arms of a policeman who stood in the crowd. That made the score 12-0, and was another nail in Harvard's coffin.

YALE KICKS OVER HARVARD.

Harvard's defense was literally thrown over the top of the Harvard line to the 35-yard mark, where the Crimson gathered for a final desperate stand.

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another minute was taken out. Graydon was the first to begin Harvard's new attack and Goss, taking him by the arm, swung him around in a circle and then let go of him, the Harvard full back sprawling on his back with Glass and Kinner on his back. Kerman made a good gain of eight yards after that, but Glass began to break things up again and Harvard's attempt to further advance the ball became futile.

GLASS PLUNGES KERNAN TO EARTH.

Kernan ran clear across the field once to get a yard, but he was tackled by Bowditch, who checked him all the way and finally ran him out of bounds without a yard of advance.

With one quick swoop of his right hand Glass caught the Harvard captain by the nose of the neck, shook him as it had been a six-year-old boy and then tossed him disdainfully to the ground, as much as to say:

"Now don't you get up again until I tell you."

The Harvard captain was so dazed that he took two minutes for him to get back to himself. Every time Harvard attempted to advance the ball now the Yale forwards were on the backs with a swiftness that made Harvard's formations useless.

Shen and Graydon attempted a double-pass, but the play was absurd and five yards were lost. An angry roar from the Yale crowd after a clever catch ran back twenty-five yards and out of bounds.

Metcalf had attempted to tackle Kerman, but he was tackled and thrown by a Yale man in plain view of everybody. So that when Bowditch asked for a penalty the umpire expected to award one, but Umpire Dashiell evidently did not see the play, for the ball was returned by Yale on the 25-yard mark.

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Could I meet you I would forever convince you that I have what these sick ones need. More than that, they must have it, for most of them can never get well without it. I would overhype you with evidence.

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It is a remarkable remedy that can stand a test like that. It is my discovery, and I spent a lifetime on it. My Restorative is the only one that strengthens the weak organs of the body. Those nerves alone operate every vital organ of the body. When an organ is weak it means that its nerve power is weak. It is like an engine that needs more steam. To doctor the organ is useless. The weak organ will do its duty when given the power to act, and no other way can cure it.

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